DEFORMED CHILDREN

Can be Made Straight With Proper and Judicious Treatment.

Wrought by Pure Food, Fresh Air and

A PAPER FOR PARENTS TO READ

Woman's Tender Care.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]



IF anything on parents to afflicted children, show it to scends on fa hers and mothers to make them so endlessly tender of deformity, patient through months, years and lifetimes, sleepless,

tireless at heart when the arms fail them, and all for the least able of their flock. Nothing shows the difference between the old pagan feeling, worshipful of youth and beauty as it was, and the modern belief, than that every man and woman who reads this will feel a touch at heart, which makes the last sentence superflous and trite. Two thousand years ago it would not have been so. The well and the wise considered the unfortunate as burdens to be only too hastily turned off. The cripples starved or begged. Their families disowned them, and the State condemned them. They could neither fight nor work, so they were thrown to the waves or to wild beasts. The world had not begun to learn what a treasure of brightness may lie in the brain of the hunchback, or what tender attachment repays the care of the disabled. The helpless call out such deep, complete tenderness as renders their service a blessing. One sees a little way into heaven who knows the unspeakable affection of words and looks between parents and sick children.

A PARENTAL MISTAKE. Who has not seen the unstinted care given the crippled or half idiot child by some hard-working family, the patient saving to buy appliances, costly to them, which may relieve the one for whom the heart is tender, the thought to carry home each treat for the one who never stirs outside the door. I know the wite of a day laborer who stints and slaves to buy her deformed child shoes costs \$8, more than the father carns in a fortnight, too often, but the mother sews and goes without food to buy the shoes which help her darling. The child has

been to the hospital and has been operated

on repeatedly, without cure, and now the

mother will not try any more. Here she and a thousand other parents are wrong. They try two or three methods, halfa dozen maybe, and then submit to lifelong illness and deformity. So many sick, of all ages, have given up hopelessly, when perhaps the water of healing was beyond the next palm trees. Few diseases under 45 should ever be considered hopeless, or lew deformities under 30 years of noe. The right practice may not have been llowed in some medical respect. Too much is expected from medicine or from specirl treatment, forgetting how little these are able to do without good nursing, pure air, diet and good influences generally. With these more can be done without medicine than medicine alone can ever do. Yet I would be one of the last to deery medicine.

THE DEFORMITIES OF CHILDREN

are counted the most hopeful of cure. A clever doctor will take a sore-eved, rickety distorted child from the slums, or from homes nowhere near the slums but quite as unhealthy, and make it for all purposes sound and useful for life in a year or two. He will mend its hare-lip, to begin. They take in families at city hospitals to heal for this feature. St. Luke's, New York City, had an Italian mother and ber three children from eight years old to the baby under treatment at once, the baby having a double hare-lip for a start in life. All were mended up and sent out passably good looking. Cross eyes frequently come from bad direction and they must be set right first in all diseases and disorders. The strong expression of Dujardin-Beaumetz on consuption is no less true of most other mala-"There do not exist several medifor it: there is but one which addresses itself to the nutrition, others are only adjuncts which become dangerous if they affect unfavorably for a single day or a single instant, the digestive And we may seriously add the following sentence for all disorders of children: "Thus far those conditions which promote bodily vigor have alone been found effectual." As parting advice the doctor usually says "pay good attention to the general health, diet, etc.," when he should were the highest tribute to this good man's say, "Your habits must be set right, or medicine has only the throw of a dice for you," and he should insist upon strict care in these respects as he insists on not taking acids with certain medicines, or on poultices and bandages when necessary. out strict home care, the chances of recovery by medicine are 1 in 100, while with such

Beautiful are the miracles of the healing art, though slow, and no less valuable for being the work of time. If people could be cured by the touch of a hand they might be very careless how they ran the risk of being sick again.

GOOD CARE WORES WONDERS Is these kindly works in the town babies which are every season consigned to the care of a good farmer's wife not far away. They come of the worst parentage perhaps, waits and foundlings, their heads and faces crusted with sores, eyes all but closed with inflammation, and every function astray. The good woman has her own time with them the first year, but at the end, with fresh milk and fresh air, decent cleanliness and punctual hours you will find the same children mir and smooth of cheek as roses, the eyes brave and bright, the poor thin bodies growing plump, firm and froliesomea sight for all men to be thankful for. All disease of such class as rickets or epilepsies need in childhood littleother treatment than good, strengthening care. The best thing for a weakly young child is to put on its nightgown, or no gown, and lay it on a bed or on the carpet in a warm room to sprawl in the sunshine. The effect of the stimulant is simply magical. Appetite increases, sleep is sounder and the spirits better. The color grows rich and the very quality of the alters and becomes excellent. The little Greek boys in Alma Tademan's interiors are so pretty and so happy, playing over the bath or on the lion's skin with the unconsciousness for a garment, one is tempted to wish for the seclusion of the Greek women's apartment, where mothers might

work in seanty apparel, and the babies in The food in children's ailments must be nutritions as possible, and they are the bet-ter in rickets, and case of withered limbs or backward growth for a course of hypophe phites. Acid phosphate, in very small doses, or vitalized phosphates are most valnable in such cases, and soon cail by increased appetite for rich food like cream, wheaten grits boiled in broth, and doses of lipanin, the new substitute for cod liver oil made from the finest olive oil. Raw eggs beaten up with two tablespoonfuls of call's foot jelly or truit jelly to each egg are very

strengthening and relishing. In FEEDING CHILDREN AND INVALIDS for strength, care must be used to have food taste good, and invite appetite for the sake of eating. Too often the little inclination for food is turned to repulsion by the tasteless, unsavory messes served, and the chance

the freshest, kept in pure air, and closely kept, that the various flavors do not affect each other. A box prettily painted or covcred with tiles, like a jardiniere, to stand outside the window of an invalid's room is much safer for keeping food than a common refrigerator, where meats and milk, cooked vegetables and fruit stand together, and all SHIRLEY DARE TELLS OF MIRACLES | communicate by the wastepipe with the house drain. A diseased box like this is the secret of much lost health and unsuc cessful care of invalids, especially sensitive

children.
The deformities and chronic ailments of children classed by common practitioners as hopeless, are often the best of all cases to treat, by home methods. The doctor's advice is needful, to determine the disease and indicate its treatment, but the mother must be the practicing physician to carry it out. From sad experience I am led to say that no woman should undertake the care of a earth more expresses tamily, whether as mother or otherwise, the divinity in man | without intelligent study of medicine, and than the devotion of practice under a trained nurse. It should be part of a woman's education. Let me urge loving women, to whom their own are precious, to inform themselves about health me! What g. t de-seends on fa hers ness falls upon the household. What others have learned they can learn, enough to save their dearest from death or lifelong disability.

WITHERED LIMBS

arise most trequently from fevers, or teething, with accompanying direction and cere-bral disturbances, from which the child escapes with paralysis and arrest of development of one arm or leg. Nature makes an effort at recovery and succeeds in all but one member. A fall often brings on grad-ual paralysis of one side. The first consideration is pure air and good nourishment, the next a good circulation of blood in the parts. The innervation, or stimulus of the paralyzed nerves, takes place only by a good flow of arterial blood. Hot baths for the limb, daily, followed by a rest, wrapped in hot flannel, then exposure to the sun by the hour, firm and gentle friction, only ceasing with fatigue of the patient, and movement of the limb, bending and straightening the joints, and squeezing the inert muscles by another person, indicate the treatment which patiently kept up will in nimost every case that can be mentioned. vigor. Electricity is useful to some extent, but is far less to be relied upon than the simple treatment known as massage, or the sensible 'movement cure."

Spinal curvatures of the one-sided sort which throw a hip or shoulder out of line come not from disease of the bone so much as weakness of one set of muscles, or overuse of one side, which gradually draws the bone into distortion. But the same influence which caused the deformity may effect its cure. It is simply to establish traction of the muscles on the opposite side, which will in time draw the bones into place. Plaster jackets and stiff supporters have their use, but it is equally possible to cure spinal curvature without such rigid methods. Indeed, severe treatment of any kind for a child may be thrown aside as worse than that support a twisted foot. Each pair useless, unless in one case of a thousand. The traction of a linen brace, good nutrition and the exercises of the movement cure combined with easy slings and swings devised by physicians will cure the worst lateral curvatures in a year or two, and lighter cases in a few months

GENTLE CURES THE BEST. Little faults of position, standing on one foot too much, sitting one-sided, wearing narrow heeled shoes, may strain the muscles so as to produce spinal curvature with deformed shoulder or hip. Angular curvature or "hunchback" is caused, like true hip disease, by caries or ulceration of the bone, and is a much more serious thing to treat. Some of the best surgeons preler to treat this of the ocean to the small beacon that laid to without instruments or braces. "No the leeward. The line of the mountainous says one of the best writers on the means,' subject, "are admissible, whether confinement to the bed in the prone or any other position, or the wearing of hard, heavy, confining instruments, which can at all in-terfere with the general health." An instrument may serve a temporary purpose, but it is folly to distress a child to the point "Is Moore's goods there?" and in a few moof nervousness and sleeplessness with it. It | ments a small cat boat, manned by a white cure by gentler, safer means. A light brace, which relieves the pressure on the diseased bone and strain of the muscles, while it al lows the child to run about and play, will be seen on the waters, now and then bobdo more lasting good than "counter-irritation," moras, formication, or blistering with oil of ants, needle-cures, or other methods which draw upon the already weakened

strength of the patient. I would urge all persons in charge of such cases or any determities of children, to study the eminently sensible and practical "Theory and Practice of the Movement Cure," by Dr. Chas. F. Taylor. Published over 25 years since, it is one of those books which should never be allowed to go out of print, not more for its special topic than for ts varied information on points of health, of the highest interest. Like Florence Nightingale's "Notes on Nursing," it is one of those books from which an intelligent woman will gain more guidance than from a dozen specialists outside. I have drawn liberally from its clear information for this letter, added to the experience of the founder of the Orthopedic Child's Hospital, of New York, whose early work I had the pleasure of seeing years ago, when he took crippled children into his own house for care. His humane methods are such as mny be followed in most cases at home by instructed mothers, who are the best physicians for their children. I repeat, there is no such aid to medicine in the wide world and the influence of a kind, truthful woman over her child. The sympathy between them, his trust in her, obtain precisely that easy, tranquil state of mind in which physical nature works its best. This best, of un-aided nature working without resistance of an upset mind, accounts for all the wonders of the mind-cure, of which mothers have had the key for ages. SHIRLEY DARE.

VERY QUEER SHORTHAND.

A Milwankee Man's Peculiar Ideas on the Subject of Phonography.

Chicago Mali.] A number of years ago, before writing shorthand became so common, there was in Milwaukee a young man who was just finishing a course of commercial training and penmanship. This youth was ambitious to enter a business house and become selfsustaining. Accordingly he was on the alert for any opening that fortune might east in his pathway. I will tell the rest of

the story in his own language. He said:
"I was one evening leaving the school when a student gave me an Eastern news paper. I took it home and in it read an advertisement for a young man to write shorthand. I had no more idea of what shorthand really meant than a pig has of a stock market. However, I wanted a job, and, as I could write like Sam Hill, I applied for the place and wrote two letters, one in the most cramped-up handwriting that I could make and have it readable, and the other I wrote in a very long, scrawly hand, so as to make the contrast greater. I never got a reply from the advertiser, and since I came to Chicago and got to be a court reporter I often think how those fellows, whoever they were, must have laughed at my shorthand."

After Business.

Chicago Herald. Southwestern railroad manager to his general passenger agent:

"I see that the Canada roads are blockaded with snow." "Yes; no trains have run into Montreal and Toronto for three days."

"Get out a circular showing the advan-tages of Mexico and offering special rates to trusted financiers."

New York Sun.]

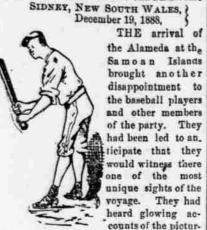
"So poor old Lordly has gone to smash, remarked Terwilliger. "It will fall rather hard on his five unmarried daughters, poor less, unsavory messes served, and the chance of strength lost beyond recovery. Food, to have its full medicinal value, must be of five daughters and the tailor-made suit." A Disappointment to the Ball Tossers From Yankee Land.

THE STOP AT

AMUSEMENTS ON SHIPBOARD. A Climb Up Mount Eden and a Pen Picture

of Auckland. THE MAORI SOLID IN AUSTRALIA

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]



ticipate that they would witness there one of the most unique sights of the voyage. They had heard glowing accounts of the picturesque appearance of the natives as they swam out to the steamer to dispose of shells and other curios. Besides this, the mail was to be dropped here to be taken up by the next Australian steamer, on its way to America. Probably no ball tossers have never before applied themselves so diligently to the task of writing letters, and an unusually large mailbag was filled to the top with the histories of the trip. It was ex-

trary winds held it back, until it became manifest that the island would not be reached until late in the night. The Sabbath day proved exceedingly dull. During the forenoon religious service was held, at which the benevolent looking white-whiskered gentleman who officiated exhilarated his hearers by reminding them of the dangers which beset a long sea voyof the dangers which beset a long sea voy-age and the possibility of their never again carriages stopped within a half mile of the seeing the faces of the friends they left behind. The day was observed with the utmost decorum, card playing being eschewed entirely. The sea was rough, and the huge splashes of spray that washed the deck compelled most of the passengers to remain in-

pected that the steamer would reach the

place during Sunday afternoon, but con-

A MIDNIGHT GREETING. When it was finally learned that the exchange of mails would probably take place about midnight, most of the players de-cided to remain on deck. About 11:30 o'clock the vessel sailed with startling abruptness out of the dashing, turbulent waves into almost calm water. The cold breeze that had been sweeping over the ship gave place, with equal suddenness, to a zephyr-like breeze that had almost a velvety sortness as it purred on the bronzed cheeks of the athletes. Afar off in the dark night, a small light was seen to twinkle. It was from a vessel near shore which was awaiting the arrival of the steamer, whose captain had, with uner ring precision, sailed out of the great waste shore was just discernible. Atter a short delay other lights appeared; then burning blue light from the vessel illumined the water nearby, and was immediately respended to by a similar luminous display on shore. Another short delay followed; the merchandise, consigned to some trader.

About the same time a small light could bing out of sight, as the boat was tossed up and down by the waves. It was a lifeboat which brought mail from shore and was to take in return the mail matter from aboard ship. It was rowed by five natives, big broad-chested fellows, dark-skinned and with not unpleasing countenance. A ladder was let down as it was made last near the cat-boat, and a big fellow, whom the mate called "Pete" clambered on board. He was about 6 feet tall and had an enormous muscular development of chest and arms. As he entered the purser's office he was asked would he take a drink. He replied in the afflirmative and a big goblet of gin was poured out for him. He drank it in almost one gulp. As he smacked his lips the purser asked, "Will you have some water?" 'Naw," was grunted out, with an emphasis that caused every one to laugh.

HE DISGUSTED ANSON. Captain Anson, who had been regarding the native with a I'd-like-to-sign-you sort of expression, turned away disgusted at the performance, as if he realized the difficulty of making such an athlete amenable to strict prohibitionary discipline. Pete next took hold of the big mailbag as

if it were a feather, tossed it lightly over his shoulder and went back to his boat. A moment later the boat cut loose from the steamer and was soon lost to sight, as the vessel weighed anchor and again sailed out into the rough waters of the ocean. The voyage from Tuituila to Auckland was quite uneventful, excepting, pernaps, the jump from Thursday to Saturday morning, when the steamer crossed the 1800 meridian, to make up for the time lost traveling westward. The ball players were deeply interested, and devoted themselves to

the study of the causes for changes in time

in a way that will probably never characterize them again A series of entertainments were gotten up in the social hall of the steamer for whiling away evenings, the most interesting one of which was the trial of a so-called young English nobleman, who claimed to be Si Sir James Willoughby, of Willoughbyshire, England, but was traveling under the ple-bian name of Smith. He had been dubbed by the ball players "Jimmy" and "Sir Jimmy," and was arrested on the charge of traveling as an impostor in the United States, and for having intent to shoot through the whiskers of an unpopular indi-vidual known as "His Whiskers." "Jimmy" had devoted himself assiduously throughout the trip to drinking whisky, and was, as a rule, in a chaotic, if not paralytic, condi-

The court was organized, with Major General Strange, an English army officer, as judge; Snortstop Ward as counsel for deendant; Colonel House, a character from Chicago, as prosecuting attorney, and Right-fielder Fogerty as court crier. The rights of the fair sex were recognized by giving them a place on the jury. The trial proved a grotesque affair, in which the court erier considered himself the most important individual. He was continually interrupting the proceedings by vocilerous cries of "Here-ye, here-ye," and on one occasion almost made the dignity of the judge collapse by calling out from one end of the saloon, while pretending to order drinks, shoon, while pretending to order drinks,
"What'll you have, Judge." Ward
showed quite a clear perception
of his duties, and his case
was materially helped by the prosecuting attorney, who was continually arguing and cross-examining witnesses in favor of the other side. But notwithstanding all this and the unbiased charge of the judge, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and "Jimmy" was ordered to pay a penalty of

four quart bottles of champagne, a punishment which the court-crier made it his busi-ness to see was at once carried out.

On another occasion the wicked man from Chicago accomplished the hitherto incomparable feat of actually putting out the lights by poor singing. He was perpetrating the almost forgotten song of "Lather and Shave," and had reached the third verse when the electric lights went out and brace up the town.

lest his audience in total darkness. It was not a prearranged joke, but was due to a slight accident to the muchinery. The irrepressible Fogarty, who was peering in at one of the windows piped out in an effem-inate voice, "Please sing 'White Wings." The discomforted singer made a dash to the spot where the voice came from and grasped his hands tightly around the neck of a per-son he thought was Fogarty, until a real feminine voice exclaimed, "It wasn't me, it wasn't me," and showed him that he had been trying to strangle a gentle, elderly

A COSTLY DISAPPOINTMENT. The effect of the late departure from San Francisco continued to follow the baseball combination like a disappointed nemesis a the steamer approached Auckland. Satur-day was the day set for arrival and playing of a game, but it was not until early on Sunday morning that the port was reached. THE arrival of It was a bitter and costly disappointment to Spalding, for Saturday was a legal half-holiday and all outdoor sports had been brought another postponed out of deference to the coming of the baseball players. It was said that nine disappointment to the baseball players and other members of the party. They had been led to an advantage of the party. They had been led to an advantage of the party. They had been led to an advantage of the party. had been led to an. usual stop of a few hours to 28. It was at once determined to play a game on Monday afternoon; though it was not expected that there would be nearly so large an attendance.

There was no demonstration on the wharf from the thousand or more people who had assembled to see the steamer come in. The Sabbath day is observed with the utmost strictness, and the streets present a state of quiet more marked than that of a New England village. All the shops are closed, and even the street cars, or trams, are not allowed to run. During the early hours of the day very few people are on the street, and an almost graveyard silence prevails. Under the circumstances little sight-seeing was indulged in, though a reception committee, composed of the editors and proprietors of the New Zealand Herald and Auckland Star had arranged to take the visitors around. During the afternoon, in spite of pelting rain, the ball players, including the wives of Captain Anson and Ed Williamson, started out to climb Mount Eden, the most interesting sight in the immediate neighborhood of Auckland It is a mountain about a thousand feet high, the sides of which present a series of picturesque terraces, the remains of old fortifications built by the Maoris. On the very top is the crater of an extinct volcano, the bottom of which is about 100 leet down. The top, and the climb up the soft turi was de-cidedly more interesting than pleasant. The island at Auckland is only six miles wide, and the ocean is visible on both sides, but the heavy mist shut it out from view. It was clear enough, however, to see the pretty rolling country in between. The climb down was marked with several amusing mishaps. John Ward and the Mascot had their descent accelerated by taking long and unexpected slides.

A TREAT FOR AMERICANS.

The ride through the open country was exceedingly pretty. The fences which di-vide the fields are built mainly of lava rock. The cottages and residences are, as a rule, surrounded by handsome trees, and gorgeous-colored flower beds greeted the eye on every side. Auckland is very hilly, and the views from high elevations disclose a picturesque array of gable roofs in the vale and up and down the hillsides. Fruits of all kinds were seen in abundance.

It is said of improvident ball players, that they feed on snowballs during winter. If there are any such in the Chicago and All-America baseball combination must be considered extremely fortunate, for strawberries, some over an inch in diameter, and big black heart cherries have tickled their pallet in this place of continuous sum-

Auckland is a quaint looking city to Americans, with its low-rooted buildings and plain, heavy style of architecture. The business portion of the city has many subis better to take a little longer time for the man and two natives, made its appearance stantial looking structures, especially the ing sisters. Being a bachelor may be all

On the second day of our stop here the streets presented a scene of a thriving and bustling activity. The people are not essentially different from Americans either in their dress or manner of talking, and their inflection of voice is scarce peculiar enough to tempt theadmiration of an Anglomaniac. The citizens take a great pride in the Maoris, the aborigines of the country, and regard them as brave, industrious and honest people. This may possibly account in some degree for the peculiar regard they have for Australia. They resent strongly the idea of being considered a part of that country, and try to impress emphatically that they have a little con-tinent of their own. The Maoris themselves would feel insulted to be considered in any way related to the Australian natives, whom they look upon with exceeding contempt. A Maori member of Parliament, whom I had the pleasure of meeting, expressed his feeling aptly when he said. "The Australians can't even learn their A. B. Cs." The chiefs are big, broad shouldered fellows, with a series of gracefully curved tattoos around their eyebrows and aiong their noses. One of them, who was introduced to Anson, Ward and others and told their mission to the country, regarded them intently for a moment and then with grin on his countenance, remarked in his native tongue "Boys!" GOODFRIEND.

PETROLEUM AS ARTILLERY.

How Oil is Made to Serve as a Substitu tor Gaupowder.

General S. W. Crawford says in the Springfield, Mass., Republican:

"Once, for the sake of the excitement and diversion, I joined Don Carlos at Los Arcos, in the mountains of Navarre, and accompanied his troops to Vienna, on the Ebro, and was a witness to the attack on and capture of the place. They were a tatterdemalion lot of soldiers and no mistake, clothed in every conceivable garment and armed with every conceivable weapon, from | ways a pitchtork to a broken scythe strapped on a stick, and from an antiquated, out-of-date army musket to the latest improved American breech-loader. But nondescript and incongruous as they were, they had stout hearts in their ill-nurtured bodies, and when put to it and sourred on by the pres-ence of their Prince they would fight as guilantly and desperately as only braze men can. As for the artillery, they had none, but that did not appear to affect them one way or the other. I stood by the side of Carlos on a rustic bridge one dismal and rainy morning as his devoted tollowers filed by on the march, and I was much struck by seeing a number of wagons in the lane loaded down with barrels. I asked Don Carlos what they contained, and he carelessly answered, in his most nonchalant manner, with just the trace of a smile on his handsome face:

"They contain petroleum." "And what earmy ton, you for petroleum on the march?"

"Why, much "What use?" he answered. "Why, much use, to be sure. That's our artillery. We employ it to smoke out our enemies from barricaded strongholds, and I can assure. you it's been tried and found very effective in case a conflagration is deemed desirable."
And then, after a moment's pause and a look at my face, "Oh, yes; I can assure you, General Crawford, petroleum makes very good artillery on a pinch; very good, indeed."

A Boom for the Boomers

Anniston Hot Blast.] How dear to our hearts is the boom we are having; dear are the boomers who help it along, who sing of improvements, of rustling and paving, while hundreds of voices join in the song. The kickers must vanish. the loaters must perish, the cranks and croskers must all amble down; and we will

Bessie Bramble's Heart Goes Out to Those Miserable Beings.

Who Have Neither Home, Friends Nor Cher-

LOVELESS, FORLORN BACHELORS

ished Ones, but Are

LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO LOVE THEM (CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR 1



IKEN, S. C., February 13 .- About the forlornest being under the shining heavens is a bachelor after he reaches the age of 50 years and upward. Then the youth have flown -the enthusiasms and energies of young manhood are

moderating and growing more toward the sedateness and desire for the quietness of middle age-the disappointments and the harrowing lessons of experience have about dispelled the rosy visions of the days when love and joy, hope and happiness seemed to be the boundaries of life's horizon-and the man has about found out that he no more takes pleasure or finds joy in the revels and gayeties of youth.

Some men who, as they say, have kept clear of the bonds of matrimony, seek to retain the semblance of life's young daywhen it is only a shadow of the past-by the frisky airs of youth-by the aping of boyishness long since departed-by a studied and careful preservation, or rather imitation, of their early prime, but no man of 50 can sham his days in the twenties with success. Even if gray bairs were wanting, if wrinkles had written no marks of care, if years have brought no weight or solidity to the slimness of figure, yet half a century will tell a tale, and leave its marks. At such age an old bachelor is out of

favor with the young, who scruple not to call him an "ancient old duffer." He is not in unison or sympathy with those of his own age who are married and live in another world than his, and who have closer ties and sweeter relationships than his friendship can bestow, and who usually look upon him as a shirk wedded to his own selfishness. Growing hard of hearing and garrulous-as most of them do-they are bores in society, and are looked upon as inflictions, unless they have money enough to induce to fawn upon and flatter them to the top of their bent.

SECOND-HAND JOYS.

Some men of this class, who have reveled in the joys of single blessedness, are excep-tions in some degree, miss the forlornities of growing age, and enjoy the next-door happi-ness of fatherhood—by becoming a blessed old uncle, liberal with tips and appreciative of what constitute the pleasure of youthful lives. By the adoption of these secondhand joys they secure such sort of secondclass happiness as falls to those who have missed the sweeter pleasures of love and friendship in marriage. For them it may suffice; for their narrow desires the love of wedded bliss is not essential to comfort, colace, and a scanty measure of content. But these are not the lonely, forlorn old beings, who roam about the world alone, who are ever in the pursuit of health, who are found everywhere anxious to be considered youthful and eligible, who flatter themselves they could marry any time, who are without home or relatives or ministervery beautiful until the meridian of life is past; but then comes loneliness, and an ardent longing for that "completest happiness" which can be found on earth only in a home of one's own, with family and

"I feel now that I should have married said one of these desolate men the other day. When years creep on, ill health comes, society no longer has charms, and friends are wrapped up in their own affairs, then a man is lonely. He is sensitive to the jokes on him as an "old stager," and would rather feel that he was an "old sweetheart" for somebody. Some men who have wealth enough to make them tempting, try to retrieve their early error by marrying a young girl, but such a union is rarely happy, for he is old, he wants to turn his buck upon the madding crowd, and toast his toes at his own fireside, while she is longing for the gay and glittering throng and giddy whirl f the world outside. She has not yet discovered, as has he, that "Society's a polished horde Formed of two mighty tribes-the bores and

She has not tasted all the joys of youth that he has exhausted—she has not reached the conclusion by experience that the comfort and joy of life comes of renouncing the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, as has he. In his youth he wanted all the fun there was in it; so does she. Human nature is human nature. The young love pleasure, gay company, gadding, and junketing. December and May form no fitting match, nor smoothly running pair.

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

A wealthy old bachelor who marries i young wife is an old ool, as the wisdom of the world goes, and the girl who thus be-comes a bride is usually set down by the ne authority as a mercenary, calculating, cold-hearted creature, speculating upon his folly and with an eye single to his money. If, however, on the contrary, people of the same age marry when they have grown old, they have weakened their chances of hap-piness, because they have likely both bein Yankee parlance, "sot in their and solid in their prejudices, and will find it hard to adapt their tastes to the measure of mutual enjoyment. Still, equality in age gives fairest promise of companionship.
Single women are far less lonely than

men when a little trost has become visible in their hair, and the wrinkles have begun to show, and the joy in youth ul pleasure has given way to the greater delights of middle age. They can make themselves a pleasant home, and revel in comfort in any place from an 8x12 hall room to a palace fit for a queen. An old maid, however she may be held up to ridicule and derision, finds in cellbacy more of pleasure, more of independ-ence, more of real comfort than does a man. She can find cheer and solace where he is helpless and disconsolate. Taking marriage as it stands to-day the woman would, in most cases, be vastly happier outside of matrimony than within even its silken folds and rosy fetters. Here in South Carolina marriage is simply legalized slavery. Its laws justing atroclous outrages and cruelties upon women, and debar them from any rescue or escape by divorce. It is Christian rescue or escape by divorce. It is Christian marriage by prayerbook ceremony, or church form and no divorce. It is the state of affairs so earnestly desired by the Anti-Divorce Society and the authorities of the church generally. But the ideal harmony and happiness pictured in a State where divorce is forbidden and impossible no more exists here than anywhars. It is true the lowers are not beauthous the state of the church of the ch where. It is true the lawyers are not kept at work on cases of divorce, but they are no less busily engaged in devising plans and evasions for protecting wives from cruel and unscrupulous husbands. It a woman with property in this State marries, that property becomes her husband's o have and to hold at his good pleasure. If he is mean, profligate and rapacious—as, sad to say, some men are—he can reduce her to poverty, and make her life one of misery and priva-

NO PRINCESS FOR WOMAN But neither the law nor the church gives her redress, or escape in the way of divorce. A case in point came up to-day, where a husband spent every dollar he could get in

drink, and filled up his spare time in abuse of his family. The wite's friends, wishing to provide her a home that he could neither mortgage nor sell, had to vest the title in a trustee—as she could not hold it. Hence it may well be seen that marriage as pre-scribed by church and State, and fortified by the bulwark of no divorce, is no less a failure where such condition of affairs exist

than in States where greater freedom pre-But women, as they grow in independence, and find means to make their own living, and take care of themselves, are greater gainers in personal happiness by tol-lowing the advice of St. Paul as to marriage than are men. A harmonious happy mar-riage has in it the highest form of friendship, the purest and sweetest enjoyment of life, but in an unhappy union women unler, as a general thing, much more than men

The law is largely against them-they are de pendent for maintenance-they are restricted by family cares—they are coerced by society—and debarred by custom from any course save that of endurance and suffering. Men go out into the world and find new friends, fresh sources of pleasure, and secure the enjoyments of a club. They content themselves with furnishing the funds for the support of the family, and leave their wives ward. Then the to unhappiness, knowing that no great dreams and joys of social onus will fall upon them if they

find cogenial companionship elsewhere.

Prince Eudolf has been defended for his unfaithfulness to his marriage vows by the press—his sins of infidelity have been condoned by the pulpit. If Stephanie had been unfaithful, and then committed suicide, her sins would scarcely have been condoned—she would hardly have been buried in the odor of sanctity, and accorded the highest honors of the church. No such license to transgress the law of marriage is winked at in women. No such flagrant infractions of domestic virtue are covered with a mantle of charity when committed by women. No such de-fense and justification of marital infidelity has ever been printed by respectable papers for any woman of whatever rank, as has been accorded to the royal prince of the Hapsburgs.

WOMAN AND MARRIAGE. Whatever may be said in the way of ex-

ceptions, it becomes clearer to women that marriage, as it stands, brings to them heavier burdens, drearier lives, more of suffering, more of worry, more of sorrow than celibacy. As a way to secure a home and make a living regardless of the love that alone makes it sacred, anything were better. No state of servitute could be more galling or more destructive to the joys of edom. In the old days when an 'old maid" was under the ban, when a woman who was not married was looked upon as one who, for lack of beauty or want of attractiveness or good qualities, had failed to please a man, women entered upon loveless marriages through fear of the world's dread laugh, or the stigma of the name, or the fear of poverty. But no such bugaboos frighten intelligent women into bonds now-a-days. They have tasted of the delights of freedom, the jovs of independence. The woman now with means o her own to be comfortable looks with pity on the sisters who struggle along in marriage and are worn out by its carking cares and burdens. "Would I not be a blooming idiot"-said a bright young woman, with her salary of \$1,500 a year and more in prospect—"to resign my place and get married to struggle along in housekeeping for nothing a week, to tie my-self down to a nursery, to wrestle with the servant question, to wear myself out in a steaming kitchen, and all for what —for a man? Bah! Don't mention it. I have my hours of work, which I enjoy; have my own money to spend as I please; have my vacations, my trips of pleasure with congenial friends; I come, and go, or stay, with no man nagging at me, or bossing me; I have my own little home where no Queen of Sheba could be happier. Wouldn't I be a sublime (ool to get married? Surrender, will I, when the right man comes along? Well, may be I will, but hardly, if I know myself. At all events, if I do, the man I marry will have to be up to the top

notch of a man, mark you." SAD OLD BACHELORS.

That's the way the girls are beginning to talk of ma riage. And no wonder, with the awful examples of the failures in marriage all around. With their talent for home making and housekeeping, and their ability to interest themselves in the every day duties of life, women who remain single for whatever cause are never so forlorn, or lonely, or at loss as old bachelors who are in the sere and vellow leaf-especially those who have burned the candle at both

ends in their youth. The picture of these old codgers as they haunt hotels and hang along in society, is laughable to most people, but there is a pathos about the old fellows that excites sympathy. They do not like to hang back, or be counted out, but the fact remains that they can no longer keep up with the procession. Nobody wants to talk with them, they are too short and prosy; nobody wants to listen to their interminable old stories: nobody has patience with their cranks and crotchets. The time seems to be coming when to be an old batchelor will be as approbrious, as subject to ridicule. as much a point for satires, and subject of

jokes as once was the old maid. A man who grows old in a single state generally morose and fretful and sour and embittered and faultfinding, says Dr. Johnson, and he further asserts that though matrimony may have some pains, celib pleasures. Marriage should be a matter of personal choice for both parties But as a divine institution, a dictate of the law of love and nature, the single man and celibate woman both miss something of the highest bliss,

"For marriage rightly understood, Gives to the tender and the good, A paradise below." But the "old bachelor" misses more than the woman as age creeps on. A man is a hundy thing to have in a house, but an old maid can enjoy a paradise without him. Not so the old bachelor. He has to be taken in and done for. And the older he grows, and the more lonely he becomes, the more he realizes that he should have married before the frosts had settled upon his head, or time had stamped him as an old stager BESSIE BRAMBLE.

Distinction Between Crying and Weeping. San Francisco Chronicle.]

Here's the gentle Imogen weeping for her absent exiled lord. I don't think the wife of to-day weeps for her husband when he is far enough away. When he is out late down town she cries; she does not weep. There's a difference between crying and weeping. A woman is sad when she weeps, and mad when she cries. But if the husband is in New York I think she bears it better

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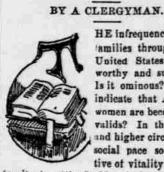
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SUNDAY THOUGHTS

AND MANNERS.



HE infrequency of large amilies throughout the United States is noteworthy and suggestive. Is it ominous? Does it indicate that American women are becoming invalids? In the middle and higher circles, is the social pace so exhaustive of vitality that ma-

ternity is miling? May it be justly said that motherhood is now considered "bad form?

A striking article appeared in one of the great dailies, the other day, which raised and discussed these questions with singular ount and delicacy. It was a woman who wrote, and she exhibited both feeling and sense. Among other excellent things, she said: Whereas our grandmothers looked with admiring pride upon the dozen or more happy faces, miniature likenesses of their own, around the hearthstone, now we could scarcely find in a day's walk a household among the upper 10,000 that could boast half a dozen mem-pers of the second generation. Does this de-crease in domestic numbers point us to what abems to be psychological fact—viz., that the friction of many minds from the nursery up to shems to be psychological fact—viz., that the friction of many minds from the nursery up to the salon is necessary to the development of genius? It would seem so, indeed, when remembering that Napoleon Bonaparte was one of thirteen children, Benjamin Franklin one of seventeen, General Sherman one of eight, Ghadstone one of seventeen, General Sherman one of eight, Charles Dickens one of eight, Ghadstone one of seven or more, Dr. William Makepeace Thackeray, grandsire of the later namesake, was one of 16. Others could be cited who have attained eminence in one department or another, who were one or many, while instances of an only child's celebrity are rare. What possibilities our fashionable mothers of to-day forego in their narrowed home circles! The possibilities of fostering genius and of gaining for themselves personal distinction, for we all remember Napoleon's pointed answer when Mme. Stael asked him who he considered the greatest woman: "She, Madame, who is the mother of the most children." replied the greatest general of France to the great woman of her day. It is a self-evident fact that society women do not have as many children as those less fashionable, and the important question to be answered is: Which is cause, and which effect? Does the fashionable life really lessen the chances of motherhood, or does it necessitate its decrease? Does it destroy maternity, or only put it aside as inconvenient." Does it destroy maternity, or only put it aside as inconvenient?"

Does it destroy maternity, or only put it aside as inconvenient?"

This evil is most pronounced in fashionable life. It is present, however, among what are called the better classes quite outside of "society"—especially in cities.

Is not the cause of it to be found in the increasing artificiality of modern life and the enhanced cost of living? The cost of a large family is a fearful factor, not to be discounted in any thoughtful consideration of this vital subject; and it brings us (as most social questions do nowadays) face to face with the great industrial problem. Selfish people who will live in ease and comfort cannot afford to have many children. They prefer a fine house, fashionable clothes and frequent outings to half a duzen cradles in the nursery, with the confinement and drudgery and responsibility which these would entail. Hence maternity is relegated to our foreign-born women, who, as yet, are not sufficiently Americanized to shirk the noblest function of their sex. The old-fashioned large families are generally found around their hearth. Meantime our American families are growing as Prior sings: "Fine by degrees and beautifully less."

At the present rate America will repeat degrees and beautifully less."

At the present rate America will repeat France, where the population is stationary, so that the frightened Government, anxious for the continued existence of the nation, has offered a State bounty to the parents of more than a certain number of children—so many hundred francs a head for each additional one. But the women are not along to blame for hundred francs a head for each additional one. But the women are not alone to blame for this unhappy and lamentable state of affairs. The men are equally guilty. They hold the purse and pay the bills. Their grumbling and luxurious selfishness goes far to cause this feminine abdication of the throne of maternity.

THE world slowly forges ahead. In castiron India, 22 new rules of marriage reform have been proclaimed. Three of these are new departures of a radical kind, viz, the cost of marriage ceremonials has been largely reduced; elaborate ceremonials at the time of betrothal are forbidden, and, most important of all, hereafter no girl may be married under 14, and no boy under 18—a change which rings the death knell of the iniquitous practice of child marriage. All this indicates a resurrection of common sense in a community dead and having common sense in a community dead and buried for a thousand years.

HALF a century ago in Turkey it was considered a disgrace for a woman to know how to read. To-day the Sultan himself has established two schools for girls in Constantinople. Seventy years ago Harriet Newell went to India, to find the women shut up in Zenanas, ignorant and degraded. From the very place where she landed there came to this country, not long ago, Mme. Joshee, a highly educated Brahmin woman, to study medicine in the Woman's College in Philadelphia. And who would have believed, even 20 years ago, that a high estate Brahmin lady would address an audience of her own sex, in choice English. from an American pulpit, as was the case with Pundita Ramabia?

GEMS OF THOUGHT are always worthy of careful attention. Because thoughts are the seeds of which action are the harvests. The thoughts which are in men's minds to-day are in their homes and business and legislation tomorrow. The French Revolution was in the pages of Rousseau and Voltaire before it broke out in the streets of Paris.

Attend, then, to these gems of thought:
No longer talk about the kind of a person a
good man ought to be, but be such.—Aurelius

How Thou can'st think so well of us, And be the God Thou art, Is darkness to my intellect, But sunshine to my heart, The saving power is not faith, but the Eter nal arms in which faith enables us to lie. The Christian is like the rigeniz

If our religion is not true, we are bound to change it; if it is true, we are bound to prac-tice and propagate it.—Archbishop Whately. If we would bring a holy life to Christ, we must mind our freeside duties as well as the duties of the sanctuary.—Spurgeon.

Resign all things unsuitable to thy age.—Lupretius. The moving finger writes; and having writ

The moving larger Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit Shall jure it back to cancel balf a line, Shall jure it back to cancel balf a line, Nor all your tears wash out one word of it.

—Rubaiy to f Omar Khayyam.

Fortune is painted blind that she may not blush to behold the fools who pay court to her.

—Ferrale. God, and prayer the wings wherewith it flies to Him.—St. Ambrose.

The human race is divided into two classesthose who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire: "Why wasn't it done the other way!"—Oliver Wendell

The perceptive and reflective faculties are practically useless, unless they be conjoined with the executive faculty. How many cholars there are who know everything but how to Who has not often noticed that some of the most crucial telling, obstinate and de

Who has not often noticed that some of the most crucial lefling, obsinare and determined observations are made with a yawn, as the heart of a letter is sometimes deferred to the postscript? Always take the more careful note of what a person says to you with a yawn.—Selected.

Our own moods vary widely, yet we cannot at the moment precisely comprehend our being in any mood different from the one in which we are,—W. F.

Thomas Fuller said of one who with more

Thomas Fuller said of one who, with mor Inomas Fuler sale of the work industry than judgment, trequented a college library and commonly made use of the worst notes he met with in any author, that "he weeded the library." IT appears by the statistics just tabulated

that the net gain of new churches in the

United States during the year 1888

SEVEN Christian Endeavor Societies have

recently been formed in Foo Chow, China, and the vicinity. Who says the Chinese are backward in coming forward? THE Leeds Mercury, in an interesting

and instructive article on the religious condition of England, gives the following fig-There are 30,000 ministers; while the church and chapel officials number 170,000. Of communicants (Protestant) there are 3,000,000. The annual cost of the religious establishments is £16,000,000—equivalent to \$80,000,000 of our money. These figures do not include Scotland

and Ireland, which would considerably increase all the sums total. But read in the light of proportion to the population, the tables are all far below America. APROPOS of England, the New York

Herald quotes the Rev. Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia (who spent some time in the British Isles after the close of the Pan-Presby-British Isles after the close of the Pan-Presbyterian Council list summer), as saying that
"London is the greatest center of Christian
work on the globe." While the proportion of
Christians there is not as large as here, he
thinks that there are more thoroughly consecrated men and women in Great Britain than
in the United States. It is undoubtedly true
that Christianity is more pronounced and aggressive among the English and Scotch.
They do not besitate at all times and in
all places to avow their belief. The Christian
engineer on the steamboat hangs up placards
which advertise his faith. Christian women
on the railroad distribute religious tracts,
Christian men on the sidewalks of the cities invite pedestrians to adjacent houses of wriship vite pedestrians to adjacent houses of wrishin on the Sunday. An active propaganda is carried forward all the time. If our young men imitate the English in sucking the heads of their canes, why not initate them in faith and works? "It's English, you know," would then be something better than the shibboieth of anobbery. be someth snobbery.

A GENTLEMAN called on his pastor not long since, to say goodby. He was about to start on a tour around the world. Said he : "I have long been thinking of and preparing for this journey; have set my business in order; have secured my letter of credit; have talked with men who have made the tour, and have read over the ground I purpose to traverse—for I remember Emerson somewhere says a traveler always finds what he carries. Now I have called to take your hand and receive your good wishes."

rishes." It reminds one of that other journey which we are all taking—the journey to eterplaty. Have we made any, the least preparation for it? Are our earthly affairs in a proper shape to leave, or are they tied up in hard knots of confusion? Do we seek the society of these confusion? Do we seek the society of those who can throw light upon the necessary outfit? Is our reading along lines which tend to discover knowledge that may help us yonder? Have we taken out letters of heavenly credit? How foolish to start on the longest and most formidable of journeys, yet leave everything at hazard! A man who should act so in earthly travel would certainly fetch up in, if he did not start from a linuate asylon. start from a lunatic asylum

"WE stand now over some of the mysteries of eternity as children that look with fear down into deep dark ponds on winter evenings. On some eternal summer day we may pass by that way and find them dried to the abiding ground, and the mystery at an end."

ONE man accuses, another excuses, everyhody-except himself. The difference between these words lies in the prefix. The character.

A VERY good story comes from Indianapolis concerning Dan Payne's little boy and his German prayer. He had just learned the Lord's Prayer in German and told his father that the following evening he pro-posed to offer his German prayer when he went to bed, in order to surprise his mother. He added that of course God could understand German—even common-school German, with-out any trouble. "Yes," said his father, "but I think it would sound a little sacrilegious, and God might not like it in that spirit." "No, but you don't understand, papa," said the boy, "I want to do it to 'stonish mamma, you know, You see, papa, the joke isn't on God at all, it's

OUR everyday occupations, rightly viewed and used, are not a hindrance but a help to Christian living. Like a favoring wind that fills the sails of a ship, they hasten the that fills the sails of a ship, they hasten the voyage homeward.

"Business," says a shrewd moralist, "is a kind of material body, without which the spiritual life is a kind of ghost. In the perfect life they are essential to each other. Business, whatever attaches to each man's position, is dead, if the spirit do not animate it. The spirit, however, if it have no body to animate, has but a shadowy life. Occupation, the daily endeavor to obtain food, raiment and roof, forms that coporeal substance and local habitation without which the spirit of righteousness, how-

out which the spirit of righteousness, ever quick and fresh, is but an airy nothin flying between the cold moon and the ear LET every day be to thee a day of judge ment. Seek of the scrutinizing mercy of the Most High to examine thy thoughts day by day, to cleanse thee from thy secret faults, and to lead thee unto the land of uprightness. Then wilt thou meet the great day well if thou get the Great Judge to judge thee every day.—W.

WHAT must we think of the morals manners of Austria when the Crown Prince blows his brains out as the only way of es-cape from entanglements in which he had encape from entanglements in which he had en-snared himself by his ungovernable passions? Rudolf had everything to live for, it should seem—a lovely and virtuous wife, an historia name, a magnificent, immediate environment, and, in reversion, one of the proudest thrones in Europe. Yet this spoiled darling of fortune throws everything away—cambles with Saran throws everything away—gambles with Satan with his own soul for the stake, and loses the game. He had betrayed an Austrian baroness, whose brother gave him the option of committing suicide or fighting a duel—and he slew himself.

No wonder that Rudolf should have said recently. Things look now many thanks the state of the state

No wonder that Rudolf should have said recently: "Things look now as though there would be no more Princes in Europe after another half century." Why should there be? What use has the world for these titled profligates who set an example of debauchery and make the invasion of homes a business? Is it strange that such an empire should be kept to the look and law of despectations and make the look and law of despectation. gether only under the lock and key of despot-ism? Who could be contented under such a regime save victims debauched into moral in-sensibility? Every righteous man must pray: Gracious heaven! unless the Hapsburgs re-pent and reform, soon send them after Ru-dolf.

HAPSBURG blood is bad blood. The descendants of this house, in every generation since the days of that first Rudolf who since the days of that first Rudolf who founded the royal dynasty in the thirteenth century, have been tyrants and libertines. They are tainted, Self restraint is unknown among them. The traditional heavy jaw of the Hapsburgs is no more pronounced and characteristic than are their boisterous passions—the scandal of history. The truth is that nothing is worse, morally, than a career of unbridled is worse, morally, than a career or unbruled power. Human nature cannot stand it. Such despotism unsettles the brain and sets a madman sporting with the property, virtue, lives of millions. Most of the twelve Cae-ars were thus insane. And as they were struck from the throne in red succession, so it is time to pull these royal highwaymen out of the saddle

Wemen's Chances to Marry. From 15 to 20 years of age, 141/4 per cent. From 20 to 25 years of age, 52 per cent. From 25 to 30 years of age, 18 per cent. From 30 to 35 years of age, 1514 per cent. From 35 to 40 years of age, 3% per cent. From 40 to 45 years of age, 214 per cent. From 45 to 50 years of age, % of 1 per

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man Headlight, Morrillton, Ark. "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of a severe cold which had settled on my lungs. My wife says the Pectoral helps her more than any other medicine she ever used."-Enos Clark, Mt. Liberty,

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